DREAMING.

DT C. LOWATER.

Purple mists upon the hills in the distance quiver; Noislessly the bubbling rills Glide on to the river. In the breeze the maple trees Flaunt their foliage gay; All the spectrum's fleeting tints, Silver shades and golden hints Give of distant May. Lazily I lie and dream Of the winter coming.

Give of distant sand.

I anily I lie and dream
Of the winter coming.

Mingling fancies with the stream
And the wild bees humanng.

Will it be so blest for me
As the year now past?

Will it—ah me—will it fly
Quickly, quickly, quickly by,
Leaving wee at last?

Summer brought me hopes so bright,
Autumn sees them flying;
Summer came with life and light,
Now the light is dying.

But I lie white moments fly,
Dreaming what 'twill be
When the winter days are here,
And once more the white New Year
Bids me enter free.

PLUM CITY, Wis.

OUR PLAN DIDN'T WORK

BY MOLLIE RICHARDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were humble people, in moderate circumstances, and lived upon a small farm. They had but one child, a daughter, who was always called Sissy.

Sissy was about my age, and I was about six years old, when "Father" Jones adopted me into his family. When I was about eight years of age a relative of Mr. Jones died. To attend the funeral was a big day's journey for his slow horse.

They did not like to leave us with the sole care of the place on the day of the funeral, yet they seemed to think of no way to prevent it. So, for that entire day we were left in charge of everything.

They kept one horse, two cows, a pig or two, and a great deal of poultry. It was my work from the start. mine and Sissy's, to do what we could for the cattle and poultry, and we quarreled not a little over the work.

We shared alike sport as well as work, and were much together. Sometimes Sissy exercised authority over me, claiming her rights as lawful possessor. This her parents would not permit when they knew of it.

The work assigned for us to do was to water the cows at noon, at night put them in their stable, feed the poultry, and, if they returned late, provide wood and coal and kindling.

I can see yet how Mother Jones looked when she started. She was dressed in plain, old-fashioned garb, and her eyes had a peculiar, wistful expression. She cautioned us over and over not to turn things topsy-turvy, not to leave the house alone, or make fires, as none was needed.

Mrs. Jones was a very careful housekeeper. Our dinner was spread on the kitchen table and neatly covered with a spotless linen cloth.

After she had closed the kitchen door she passionately embraced both see us alive again. Then she slowly walked to the old square-top carriage and reluctantly climbed into it. Father Jones looked worried as he stepped in after her and drove slowly away. We had previously planned our sport and | ceeded to water cattle. were very impatient, so we thought that they would never get started.

Next to the yard was a small field; below this field was a large apple orchard, in which we were raising a calf. This calf was very tame. Sissy and I had made a pet of it, and had quarreled not a little in selecting a name. Finally, we decided on Daisy-Dingle, that each might have an individual claim upon the name.

I had often told Sissy that I thought if we could get the chance we might ride upon Daisy-Dingle's back. When we discovered that we were to have this, Sunday to ourselves we at once decided that this would be a golden opportunity.

We planned our ride with many fears, lest it might be rainy, or perhaps we might be seen and have our doings

reported. The weather proved to be all that

we could desire. As soon as Mr. Jones drove off Sissy and I skipped up stairs, for it had been decided that Sissy must have a sidesaddle, and she had things in readiness

to make one. First, she produced two of her mother's dresses, which were slightly worn; then, with a big husk needle and twine, we fashioned a saddle; the sleeves served for stirrups.

Our nearest neighbors had gone to church and their house was closed, as was nearly every house in the neighborhood.

The coast was clear. Daisy-Dingle being a pet, did not object to the saddle.

I insisted that Sissy should have the first ride. She had no trouble getting on, but her weight, together with fixing her feet in the stirrups, scared Daisy-Dingle, who started at a full gallop before we were ready.

Sissy, having no hold, fell off, her feet entangled in the stirrups. The saddle had been securely

fastened to the calf's back, and Sissy was dragged a considerable distance. I was badly scared. Sissy was stunned and semi-con-

scious for a time, but with the exception of a few slight scratches, the worst in her face, she escaped uninjured.

The lower portion of the orchard was low and swampy; through this Sissy had been dragged.

Her dress was a sight to behold. It being Sunday, she was permitted to wear one too fine for our occupation; besides being torn, it was brown and green-stained from mud and grass.

After the fright, finding Sissy not badly injured, and being plucky, she urged me to take a ride. Being a boy, I thought I could manage better. I got on and met with the same success. only that I was not dragged when I fell off, for the saddle had been aban-

doned. Poor Daisy-Dingle did not know what to make of such treatment. She

became wild. We were now determined to have a ride both together. How to get her to ing new trousers)-What do you think stand still long enough for us to mount of these? Ten dollars. upon her back was the question. As Wife (crying)—That's we found it impossible to do this, we when you knew I wanted a new bonbecame enraged and took turns in net .- Clothier and Furnisher.

besting and racing the poor calf many times around the orchard and over

Mother Jones' dresses. Finally Daisy-Dingle became ex-hausted. It was dinner time, and we were hungry. So we concluded that if we stopped to eat, perhaps by the time we came back Daisy-Dingle might permit us to take a ride.

Hastening to the house, we were hardly courageous enough to enter. We had neglected to fasten doors or windows. Our appetites got the better of us, and we cautiously entered. Fortunately nothing had been disturbed.

While eating we quarreled over a certain piece of pie. Pie and plate were broken and trampled upon the kitchen carpet. We were coming to a "fist fight," when Sissy remembered that there was another pie of the kind in the cellar. She brought it, and we devoured the most of it in peace.

While eating the pie we resolved upon a new plan. In our eagerness to try it we forgot our noon work, and again leaving the house went to the orchard.

Poor Daisy-Dingle! It was a rather warm day in July, and at noon the heat was oppressive for a poor worried ealf. Our plan did not work. Daisy-Dingle would not stand, so we gave her more exercise until at last she was conquered.

Just as Sissy had taken her place astride the calf's back our neighbor, who had returned from church, and who had been watching us unobserved, came along, interfered, and we were obliged to abandon our sport.

We were mortified and worried to think we had been discovered, and thus made liable to exposure as well as punishment. We ran into the barn to hide, each blaming the other for what had been done. Soon tiring of this, we looked about to see what next we could do unobserved.

Mr. Jones made cider for vinegar. He kept barrels of it in his barn. There were three barrels that Sissy and I had often thought might still be fit to drink, but how to get some had al-

ways been a puzzle. We thought this an excellent oppor-

tunity for tasting it. The bungs were tight in each barrel. and we saw no possible way to get them out; but instead of spigots there were plugs that we thought might be easily knocked out. I gave one hard hit and the cider, or rather vinegar, came suddenly spurting over both of us in a stream, and we were thoroughly drenched.

We had planned to drink with straws, but did not even taste it, for we made an effort to replace the plug. As it finally ceased flowing we concluded that we were successful in stop-

ping it. We tried the second and third barrels with almost the same result. Next we hunted eggs. These we

took to the kitchen, made a coal fire, filled the tca-kettle with eggs and Sissy and I, as if she never expected to water, put it over the fire, and closed While waiting for the eggs to boil we remembered our work. As it was

getting late we dropped everything,

and, leaving the door wide open, pro-

In the midst of this Mr. and Mrs. Jones returned. They had been very anxious about us, and came back much earlier than was anticipated. When Mother Jones caught sight of us she screamed, but when she reached the kitchen door and saw at one glance the hot stove and a hungry tramp feasting upon the remains of our dinner, she gave one piercing shrick and fainted away, which so

scared the tramp that he fled. The kettle had boiled dry and was emitting a strange odor.

The stove was hot enough to burst, and the carpet was irreparably spoiled. Mrs. Jones was sick all night from fright. The next morning Daisy-Dingle was found dead.

Our neighbor came to tell of our doings in the orchard, just at the moment Mr. Jones discovered, by the smell of vinegar, what had happened to his barrels.

Mrs. Jones about this time discovered the eggs and the ruined condition of the tea-kettle. She could not find the dress she had wished to wear that day, nor could she for a long time get over the loss of two, or the ruined condition of our clothes, besides everything

They wisely concluded to never leave us alone again.

Both were too indulgent to punish us severely, so we got off with a mild reprimand. They blamed themselves for not getting an older person to take charge of us.

Years have passed. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are dead. Sissy and I are married. From this we learned a good moral, and it serves us well in our own - family of little ones. It is this: Never leave children alone with the care of a house.

A Severe Test.

"My dear sir, this position carries with it a great responsibility. Can you convince me that you are capable of filling it?"

"I think I can, sir." "You must be a man of great discretion, possessed of a keen insight, capable of judging accurately between

right and woong. "I think I can satisfy you, sir."
"You must be able to discover the truth, no matter how it may be disguised, and must be well read on cur-

rent events.' "Yes, sir: I think I can fill the bill." "Well, what are your credentials?" "I have been examined for a jury six times, and been rejected every

"I think you will do. You must be a man of great capability and intelligence.

Consistency.

Wife-You shabby man! There's a big hole in your trousers. I should certainly think you would get a new pair and look decent.

Husband (two hours later, display-

THE AMERICAN TRAMP.

AS MIGRATORY IN HIS HABITS AS A WATER-FOWL.

In the Summer He Invades the Eural Districts, but Prost and Cold Drive Him to the City, Where He Becomes a "Bum"-

His Mode of Life-The Final End.



HE waters, baving flowed by way of rivu-let, ercek, and river to the mighty ocean return again in gentle rain-drops to gladden the green valley from whence they started forth; birds migrate with the changing seasons; indeed, all nat ure seems to move in circles, to which rule those children of nat-ure, "tramps," form no

exception.
The word "tramp" is a generic term and comprises many species, between which the universal points of resemblance are a loathing of work and a passionate love of

*variety, both in diet and se ne. From the plain signification of the term. the tramp, as a class, first corned the title upon long stretches of country road, turnpikes; and railway tracks. It is amid tural scenes that he forgets whatever trade or occupation be learned in town or city, and by slow gradations becomes more bearded, direier, raggeder, and of possible, more lazy and better contented with his vagrant

As the tramp is the child of the country it is there, upon his native heath, that he must be studdled by one who aspires to become the historian of his class. With untry people and those who dwell in villages and towns he is a familiar sight. and in his "own proper person" is known

Acting, whether on the stage of the theater, or the broader stage of actual life, has ever been accounted a pleasur-able occupation. To this feeling your tramp offers no exception. When the generous crop of melons and fruits has been harvest-ed, and corn, unfit roasting-ears. ripening and ardening in the hock: when the nelter of a hedge haystack no BUMPY GUMP.

sep off the cold, and frost through soleess shoes bites his toes; in short, when winter is at hand, the tramp leaves his fa-miliar, much-loved "stamping-ground," and turns his face cityward, there to enter upon another phase of his hybrid exist-

The water-fowl, which, answering from time to time the shrill call of its leader and

In some cities there are rodging-houses where a ted, or rather a board, is suppled on a basis of work to be performed in the mornin. These are parely patronized by the professional tramp; but to see them at their task, sawing the "stint" of wood assigned them, or breaking stones for paving.

is an amu-dag if not an inspiring sight.

All large cities abound in cheap lodging-houses, which are generally operated on a basis of ten cents for the cheapest accommodat one. Sometimes a large and respect-able-looking building is devoted to the business, which boasts of many grades of prices and correspond nr comfor's, rising to the dignity of a private room, with sheets on the bed. But the greater number of



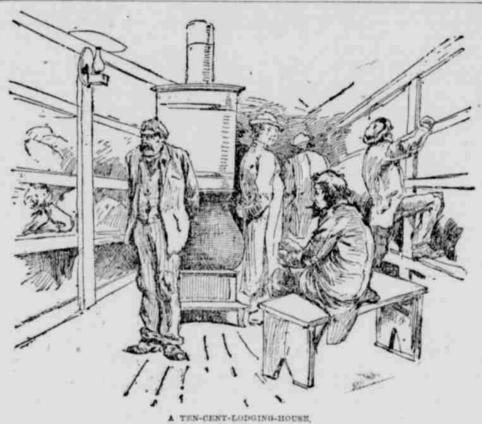
POLICE-STATION SNOOZERS.

tramps sleep in underground lodging-The basement or cellar of a building on one of the poorer but central streets is gen-erally utilized for this purpose. The "guest" enters the front portleo, of which a square space, perhaps twenty feet each way, is set apart as the common room, and dignified by the name of "office.

Here he pays his dime, frequently in the form of pennies, and receives a check which entitles him to a bunk and the free-dom of the place. This preliminary once dispatched, and the relation of landlord and guest established, a visible change takes place in the manner and bearing of the latter. He is an outcast and a vagrant no longer. The fire that burns in the huge salamander stove and raises the temperature of the place to a point where blankets or covering of any kind would be a builden. is his very own, and the rude lamps on the wall are burning for him. Though dressed in rays he swaggers about with the airs of a dude and the haut-ur of one of Gotham's famous "four hundred."

Having secured a chair and tilted it back against the wall at the desired angle, he produces a pipe, generally a corn-cob one as a reminder of the country, and having "loaded it," the ammunition being often a discarded eigar stub, of which he provided himself with a supply during the day, adds a volume of stifling smoke to the already oul atmosphere of the place. Next, he ordinarily brings forth a soiled

and crumpled newspaper and proceeds to enter a n and enlighten himself with the sailing gracefully away to the southward, news of the day. It may appear strange,



s no more an indication that the pleasant | but not only e in most tramps read, but days of autumn are ended, than is the tramp's arrival in the great cities. Once there he undergoes a decided change. His wardrobe is usually improved. or city people discard their clothing at an earlier stage than do their country cous as, but the great transformation is in his man-ner and mode of life. Not only is he surrounded by the police, whose watchful syes restrain him from many of the acts of hawlessness in which he has freely in-dulged during the long "merry summer months." but the narrow confines to which he is limited, the jostling masses with whom he comes in daily contact, and the radically different life he is compelled to adopt, deprive him of the light-hearted, free-and-easy air that pervades him as he approaches a country mansion and demands a meal from the good housewife in a tone that would well become a general demanding the capitulation of a fortress. demanding the capitulation of a forcess.

In the large cities the tramp so far loses his identity as to pose under another name, and that still lower in the scale than the



ON THE TRAMP.

one he has rightly earned. When he becomes a denizen of one of the great centers of population he is known as a "bum." and conducts himself in a way to fairly entitle him to the rather vulgar but suggestive

appellation.
Although the city life of the tramp varies greatly from his normal state of existence, still there is one rule of his life from which still there is one rule of his life from which he never departs—under no circumstances does he seek my regular employment. As a cover for begying or petty the triangle, he may tearfully ask for work, but with no in-tention of performing it if afforded an op-portunity. Sometimes he is seen clearing away the snow from steps and sidewalks. and occasionally actually carrying in a ton of coal. But to be brought to this he must be in pressing need of money, or, what is more likely, lacking in professional self-respect, which draws the line at all forms of manual labor.

Please give me ten cents to get a lodg-

This is the stereotyped appeal most frequently made. It is the one most likely to develop sympathy, especially on a cold or stormy evening, and, besides, a lodging-place is the one great necessity of his exist nee. He can beg plenty of food and clothing, and find numerous places to warm nimself during the day, but when night comes on he must find a place to sleep, and that which for half a year has been as free as the boundless air and the water in puring brooks, becomes the one anxiety of his otherwise light-hearted existence.

muny of them are men of consication, whom hard fortune and disappoint ment in tusiness or love has driven to dring, from which the transition to a tramp

is frequently a swift and easy one.
Here, too, are carried on many discussions of which the newspapers make no reporthough they are o ten filled with less enter taining matter. Politics is the staple sub ject. As between the two reading parties the honors are about even; the socialists are a good third, while, to the credit of the be it said, the Prohibitionists are rarely represented. "Protection." "free trade. "grinding monopolies," the merits of candidates, and the acts and policy of the Government, are discussed without reserve, and often as understandingly a in the political club-houses above ground Religion is another fruitful theme, and all shades of opinions, from atheism to orthodoxy, are expressed.

Some men actually earn money in these ten-cent lodging-houses. One gray-haired, long-bearded old tramp is known in most Western cities, all of which he visits at times, as "Eumpy Gump." Bumpy is a phrenologist, and when the "office" is most crowded often appears with a huge chart and a human skull. He hangs the one on the wall and poising the other in his hand calls for subjects. His charges wary with the financial condition of the party, from a penny to a dime, the latter being highwater mark. Tramps, like other people, love amusements, and are curious as to the character of their associates, and "Bumpy Gump" often makes as much as a dollar in a single evening, though he may have to buy a "check" at two or three different lodging houses to accomplish it.

By midnight most of the guests are sleeping as soundly as the vermin and stiffing air will permit. The sanitary police often visit these places and compel them to adopt some form of ventilation. Fresh air, however, means a loss of heat, which in turn represents a uscless consumption of coal, and the openings are generally closed upon the departure of the officers.

The sleeping accommodations consist of

bunks ranged against the walls from the floor to the colling. Some are supplied with a rude apology for a mattress, but for the most part they consist of the bare boards, with an elevated portion for the head, much after the fashion of the steerage of a great ocean steamship.
Included with lodging, some "sneozing

places," as they are sometimes called, give, by way of breakfast, a "duffer" of break and a bowl of a decoction dignified by the name of colles, but manufactured from burntrye and the grounds procured from hotels and restaurants. The absolute equality of men has never been any place long maintained, and even among tramps and bums there are grades of society. Not long since the writer witnessed a street meeting between two

nessed a street meeting between two tramps which illustrates the point. "Hello, Jem!" said one, as he shifted a "Hello, Jem!" said one, as he shifted a bundle from one arm to the other and a huge quid of tobacco across his moth.

"Hello, your-self!" responded the other.
"How've you done to-day?"

"Pretty good. I got three square meals—cold meat. Worcestershire sauce and pie dinner—two shirts, a vest, and twenty cents spot cash. That ain't doin' so bad, hey?"

"Bad! bah! Its flendish, bad enough to settle the personal devil controverar."

"What are you givin' me?"

"Nothing, and I wish no one else would. You're lacking in self-respect!"

"Did you do better?"

"Did 1 do better? If I didn't I'd step on and obliterate myself. Two shirts! Baal

Three meals, off the leavings of some aristocrat! Ugh! Twenty cents! I hoo!"
"What did you git?"

"What did you git?"

"What did I got? I was offered three shirts and a pair of pants. Told the well-meaning but misguaded woman that I wasn't an o delothes man, and recommended her to sell them to a Jew. I take no meals or shirts or trash o any kind. It takes money to do business with me. I took in a dollar and forty cents to dar. When I want meals I walk into a restaurant and order 'em. When I want shirts I go to Cheap John's up the street and buy'em. Shirts! told vicuals! Git out of my sight! You're a disgrace, a burning disgrace to the profession, you are."

In extreme cold weather, when the mercury reaches "bulbwards," the tramps sometimes suffer. Then it is hard to secure the price of a lodging, and many are driven to extremities. At such times, how-

driven to extremities. At such times, how ever, the police stations are thrown open and g eat numbers accommodated and kept from freezing. The surplus cells are filled and as many more are lodged upon the broad flagstones which cover them. A hundred and more are often stowed away in a single police station. In the morning they are given a duffer and a bowl of coffee.

and sent adritt. Most tramps are made so by drink, and that monster continues to rule them with an iron sand. Most of the money begged or stolen by them finds its way to the cheap saloous and "barrel-houses." Many low resorts are supported by money begged under the pretensa that the supplicant is staying, or is without the supplicant is starving, or is without the means of pro-curing a ; lace to sleep. These low saleons are the principal loading places of tramps during the day. The investment of five themselves at the fire and lounge about for a time. Soon, however, they are driven out again, to procure the price of another drink, with the accompanying "freedom of

During a long and cold winter numbers become sick and find their way to the hos-pital, and later to the potter's field. Such as survive do not needlessly prolong their irksome city life, but depart early enough



see the first violets bloom by the side of country lanes, and taste the sweet lutter to which the fresh spring grass has imparted

And so on, until one day they are missed rom their trail among the farms and the lunch counter in the city, and their long tramp is ended at an unmarked grave. DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Be Wary of thoosing, Girls.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no. You need not die old maids. But wait until the prince passes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in he ball-room. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in this world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother. - Philadelphia Record.

A Curious Optical Illusion.

A very striking optical illusion oc curred to an author while engaged in writing. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting surface was he could not atfirst discover. He examined his evebrows and eyelashes, but in vain. length a lady tried her skill, and after a careful search she perceived, between two evelashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly po' ished, which was the real mirror on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when he was breaking the seal of a letter, only a short time before he observed the phenome-

Sundays in England.

The question of Sunday observance is one which disturbs the clergy of England more, perhaps, than any other, says an exchange. In some places the clergymen themselves have, in order to secure some sort of respect for the day, inaugurated Sunday cricket clubs, the only restriction being that as soon as the church bells ring, the players shall leave the game and attend to their religious duties. An effort is also being made to encourage the opening of museums and picture galleries on Sunday. The position is taken that it is better to provide some innocent amusement than to allow the men to idle about the streets and otherwise pass the Sabbath in vicious idleness.

Paganini and the Cabman.

The celebrated violinist, Paganini, had once to give a concert at the Carlo Felice in Genoa, and being late, he drove in a cab. On alighting he offered the usual fare to the cabman, who refused it, saying that a great man, who was able to play as well on one string as on four, ought to give him at least double the fare.
"Very well," answered Paganini, "I

will pay you double when you will be able to drive me to the theater on one wheel."-Pick-Me-Up.

WHY not pour the drink into the gutter? It is destined to the gutter at, last. Why not pour it there at once, and not wait to strain it through a man, and spoil the strainer in the

SPARKS OF WIT.

PLANE sailing -- in a prairie schooner. A WIRE puller-the telegraph line

Jaggs - Pawnbrokers are ornery cusses. Baggs-Yes; but you have to -

put up with them. WHILE the English drum-beat is heard around the world, the American dead-beat isn't far behind.

Jones—"Say, Browne, why do you call your eldest boy Telephone?"
Brown—"Because he never works," A schoolboy, being asked in an ex-

amination to state the significance of LL.D., wrote: "LL.D. stands for lung and liver doctor." A sponting character hearing of a horse eating meat said he had seen

many pags running for stakes, and he can chuck-le over that. "GRACIOUS," exclaimed Mrs. Malaprop, "I read in the papers of a 'Congressman at large.' I do hope they'll capture him before he does any harm."

By a quick shot he had just rescued her from the clutches of a near. "What were your thoughts when bruin commenced to squeeze?" was his inquiry.

"Oh, Charlie, I thought of you!" WHEN the old lady had fallen into the well, and was rescued with some difficulty, she declared that "had it not been for Providence and another man,' she never would have been got out

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Mrs, Flyaround, "I never saw such an old gadder in all my life as that Mrs. Neverhome is! Actually, I called seven times at her home and couldn't

get in once." "ISN'T it lonely here, George? Did you ever know anything so still?" "Oh, yes. Once." "When was that?" "I hired a plumber once to do a day's work for me, and he never moved from morning to night."

IRATE POLITICIAN-Look here, you published a lie about me this morning —an infamous lie. I won't stand it. Serene editor—But just think where you would be if we were to publish the truth about you."

STRANGER-Excuse me, sir, but did not you buy a bottle of hair invigorator in that barber shop? Binks-Yes; why? Strauger-Oh, nothing; only I wish to inform you that I am the most artistic wigmaker on the street.

Jonsmith - Debrown has changed wonderfully since he went to work on that religious paper. He leads a blamefess life now. Jonjones-Yes, he does nothing wrong now except to lie about the circulation of his paper. FOOLISH MAIDEN.

Of all the foolish fashiona
That foolish women wear,
There's nothing more outlandish
Thun banging of the hair.
It is a dangerous habit, too,
And all girls should beware,
Lest after they are married Lest after they are married They still should bang their heir. "SHALL I vind the clock, vadder?" asked young Jacob Isanestein, as they were about to close the store. "No," said the old gentleman with a sigh. lizness vas too pad. Choost let it

alone, Jacob, und ve will save the year and tear of the veels.' MESSES, GIBBON and Redman (calling)-Is Miss Flirtette in? Bridget-Faith, I don't know. She said ef it wuz that rid-hidded, freckled dude, she wasn't in; but if it was that handsome

Mr. Gibbon, she was. But, begorry, you're both here together. MISS PRITTIE-Grandma, Mr. Pattois is going to give me an elegant ring set with a carbuncle. Grandma (horrified)-You mustn't take it, child! Don't touch it! For your grandpapa's Uncle Joe had one o' them carbuncles, and died with it inside o' three weeks'

THERE is a benevolent gentleman in Boston who gives twenty-five cents for religious purposes every time when he swears. He has already d-d a new steeple on the Presbyterian church. and is now engaged in "eursing up" a donation to the Home Missionary So-

A cook who had burned up a piece of veal weighing four pounds threw it away, and afterward explained to her mistress that the cat had eaten the meat. "Very well," said the lady, "we will see that directly." So saying, she took the eat, put it on the scales, and found that it weighed exactly four pounds. "There, Fredericka," she said, are the four pounds of meat-but

where is the cat?" No Angels for Them.

Early last summer a New-Englander moved out to a small town in Arizona and announced his intention of opening up a first-class grocery. He had a number of bills posted up, dwelling particularly on the fact that the business was to be square and above board. Just as he was getting ready to open shop a deputation of citizens waited on him and asked the new-comer if the statement on the placards were made in good faith.

"You mought as well give us the hull truth about this thing," said the leader. You mean to say there hain't goin' to be no water in the vinegar?"

"That's what I mean, sir!" replied the stranger, a little surprised. "Nor no sand in the sugar!"

"Ain't there goin' to be beans in the coffee?" "Most decidedly not, sir!"

"Nor chicory, nuther?" "Never, gentlemen; I give you my word for it." The crowd seemed nonplused for a moment, and the leader held a short

turned and said: "Say, stranger, we've concluded that you air a suspicious character. But first let me ask you if your cigars are goin' to be loaded - with cabbage, you

consultation, at the end of which he

know?" "Not while I---"That's all we wanted to know. We give you twenty four hours to leave town, an' you better leave. When we're in need o' angels we'll drop you a pos-tal card. Good day stranger." And the deputation filed out.

His lan'-guage is the best guage to measure a man's character.